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NO. 27, NOV. 6, 1869. VOL. 3.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE



THE HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE.

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Art, Science and Education

E. L. T. HARRISON AND W. S. GODBE, PROPRIETORS.

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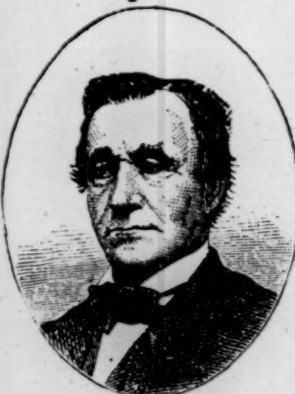
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NOTICE.

In the Supreme Court of the United States, in and for the District of Utah.

In the matter of ALBERT P. TYLER and DEWITT C. TYLER, Partners as Tyler & Brother, District of Utah. In Bankruptcy.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order made by said Court in the matter of Albert P. Tyler & Dewitt C. Tyler, Partners as Tyler & Brother, Bankrupts, on the 26th day of October, A. D. 1869, a hearing will be had upon the petition of said Bankrupts, heretofore filed in said Court, praying for their discharge from all their debts and other claims provable under said act, and that the 13th day of December next, at 2 o'clock P. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same when and where you may attend and show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

G. A. MANN.

Clerk of said Court.

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SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

[Vol. 3

AUTUMN.

There is a glory on the earth to-day,
There is a spirit in the changing trees,
There is a soft, low murmur in the heart,
And on the breeze.

Sweet Autumn sheds a gentle influence now,
The world is clad in beauty and in light;
The sunshine shimmers softly through the trees,
And all is bright.

Some spirit has made love to every flower
That breathes its love out on the passing breeze;
Some magic hand has thrown a witching garb
Upon the trees.

For all the blossoms blush—they seem rare gems
From the bright land of dreams. In earthward
flight,
Some seraph's wing has swept the trees and left
Gleams of its light.

Above us bends the silent, cloudless sky,
And o'er its depths a lone bird wings its flight;
Seen for one moment—then, like gilded hope,
It fades from sight.

The spirit of the Wind has struck its harp,
But altered is the music of the lay;
The notes are wailing, and the burden is,
"Passing away."

We love to linger out. The deep, blue sky
Seems nearer now than when the Summer's here;
The rustling leaves a melting murmur cast
Upon the ear.

Yes, there is music in the fallen leaves:
They breathe the spirit of the mighty Past;
They wake a chord in each heart as they sigh
"Bright days fly fast."

"THE STUDENT."

A TALE OF GERMAN BROTHERHOOD.

Among my acquaintances in Gottingen, were two students, both Prussians, and both from the same small town of Madgebourg. They had been school-fellows, and came together to the university, where they lived together on terms of brotherly affection, which even there, where friendship takes all the semblance of a sacred compact, were the subject of remark. Never were two men less alike, however, than these. Eisendecker was a bold, hot-headed

fellow, fond of all the riotous excesses of a Burschen life; his face, seamed with many a scar, declared him a "hahn," as, in student phrase, a confirmed duellist is termed. He was ever foremost in each scheme of wild adventure, and continually brought up before the senate, on some charge of insubordination. Von Muhry, his companion, was exactly the opposite. His *sobriquet*—for nearly every student had one—was "der Zahme"—the gentle; and never was any more appropriate. His disposition was mildness itself; almost girlish in his look, with large blue eyes and fine, soft, silky hair, which, German-like, he wore long upon his neck. His voice—the index of his nature—soft, low and musical, would have predisposed you at once in his favor. Still, these disparities did not prevent the attachment of the two youths; on the contrary, they seemed rather to strengthen the bond between them—each, as it were, supplying to the other the qualities which nature had denied him. They were never separate in lecture-room, or at home, or in the alley—as the promenade was called—or in the garden. Where, each evening, the students resorted to sup, and listen to the music of the Jager band. Eisendecker and Muhry were names that no one ever heard separated; and when one appeared, the other was never more than a few yards off.

Such was their friendship, when an unhappy incident occurred to trouble its even course, and sow dissension between these, who never had known a passing difference in their lives. The sub-rector of Gottengen was in the habit of giving little receptions every week, to which many of the students were invited, and to which Eisendecker and Muhry were frequently asked, as they both belonged to the professor's class. In the quiet world of a little university town, these *soirees* were great occasions, and the invited plumed themselves not a little on the distinction of a card, which gave the privilege of bowing in the Herr professor's drawing-room, and kissing the hand of his fair daughter, the Frederica von Ettenheim, the belle of Gottengen. Frederica was the prettiest German girl I ever saw, for this reason, that having been partly educated at Paris, French *espieglerie* relieved what had been, otherwise, the too regular monotony of her Saxon features, and imparted a character of sauciness—or "*fierte*" is a better word—to that quietness, which is too tame to give the varied expression so charming in female beauty. The *esprit*, that delicious ingredient, which has been so lamentably omitted in German character, she had imbibed from her French education; and in lieu of that plodding interchange of flat common-places, which constitute the ordinary staple of conversation, between the young of oppo-

site sexes beyond the Rhine, she imported the light, delicate tone of Parisian raillery—the easy and familiar gaiety of French society, so inexpressibly charming in France; and such a boon from Heaven; when one meets it by accident elsewhere. Oh! confess it, ye! who in the dull round of this world's, so called, pleasure—in the Egyptian darkness of the dinners and evening parties of your fashionable friends—sit nights long, speaking and answering, half at random, without one thought to amuse, without one idea to interest you—what pleasure have you felt, when some chance expression, some remark—a mere word, perhaps, of your neighbor beside you—reveals, that she has attained that wondrous charm—that most fascinating of all possessions—the art to converse; that neither fearful of being deemed pedantic on the one hand, or uninformed on the other, she launches forth freely on the topics of the moment, gracefully illustrating her meaning, by womanly touches of sensibility and delicacy, as though to say these lighter weapons were her own peculiar arms; while men might wield the more massive ones of sense and judgment. Then, with what lightness she flits along from theme to theme, half-affecting to infer that she dares not venture deep, yet showing, every instant, traits of thoughtfulness and reflection.

And now to come back to the students, whom, mayhap, you deem to have been forgotten by me all this time, but for whose peculiar illustration my digression was intended; it being neither more nor less than to show, that if Frederica von Ettenheim turned half the heads in Gottengen, Messrs. Eisendecker and Muhry were of the number. What a feature it was of the little town, her coming to reside in it! What a sweet atmosphere of womanly gracefulness spread itself, like a perfume, through these old saloons, whose dusty curtains, and moth-eaten chairs, looked like the fossils of some antediluvian furniture! With what magic were the old ceremonials of a professor's reception exchanged for the easier habits of a politer world! The venerable dignitaries of the university felt the change, but knew not where it lay, and could not account for the pleasure they now experienced in the vice-rector's *soirees*; while the students knew no bounds to their enthusiastic admiration; and "Die Ettenheim" reigned in every heart in Gottengen.

Of all her admirers, none seemed to hold a higher place in her favor than Von Muhry. Several causes contributed to this, in addition to his own personal advantages, and the distinction of his talents, which were of a high order. He was particularly noticed by the vice-rector, from the circumstance of his father's holding a responsible position in the Prussian government, while Adolphe himself gave ample promise of one day making a figure in the world. He was never omitted in any invitation; nor forgotten in any of the many little parties so frequent among the professors; and even where the society was limited to the dignitaries of the college, some excuse would ever be made by the vice-rector, to have him present, either on the pretence of wanting him for something, or that Frederica had asked him without thinking.

Such was the state of this little world, when I settled in it and took up my residence at the Meissner Thor, intending to pass my summer there. The first evening I spent at the vice-rector's, the matter was quite clear to my eyes. Frederica and Adolphe were lovers. It was to no purpose; that when he had accompanied her on the piano, he retreated to a distant part of the room when she ceased to sing. It signified not, that he scarcely ever spoke to her, and when he did, but a few words, hurriedly and in confusion. Their looks met once; I saw them exchange one glance—a fleeting one too—but I read in it their whole secret, mayhap even more than they knew themselves. Well had it been if I alone had witnessed this, but there was another at my side

who saw it also, and whispered in my ear: "Der Zahme is in love." I turned round, and it was Eisendecker; his face, sallow and sickly, while large circles of dark olive surrounded his eyes, and gave him an air of deep suffering. "Did you see that!" said he, suddenly, as he leaned his hand on my arm, where it shook like one in ague.

"Did you see that?"

"What?—the flower."

"Yes—the flower. She dropped it, when she crossed the room. You saw him take it up—didn't you?"

The tone he spoke in was harsh and hissing, as if he uttered the words with his teeth clenched. It was clear to me now, that he, too, was in love with Frederica, and I trembled to think of the cruel shock their friendship must sustain ere long.

A short time after, when I was about to retire, Eisendecker took my arm, and said, "Are you for going home? May I go with you?" I gave a willing assent, our lodging being near, and we spent much of every day in each other's chambers. It was the first time we had ever returned without waiting for Muhry; and fearing what a separation, once begun, might lead to, I stopped suddenly on the stairs, and said, as it suddenly remembering—

"By-the-bye, we are going without Adolphe."

Eisendecker's fingers clutched me convulsively, and while a bitter laugh broke from him, he said, "You wouldn't tear them asunder—would you?" For the rest of the way he never spoke again, and I, fearful of awakening the expression of that grief, which, when avowed, became confirmed, never opened my lips, save to say—"Good night."

I never intended to involve myself in a regular story, when I began this chapter, nor must I do so now, though, sooth to say, it would not be without its interests, to trace the career of these two youths, who now became gradually estranged from each other, and were no longer to be seen, as of old, walking with arms on each other's shoulders—the most perfect realization of true brotherly affection. Day by day the distance widened between them; each knew the secret of the other's heart, yet neither dared to speak of it. From distrust there is but a short step to dislike—alas! it is scarcely even a step. They parted.

Another change came over them, and a stranger still. Eisendecker, the violent youth, of ungovernable temper, and impetuous passion—who loved the wildest freak of student, daring, and ever was the first to lead the way in each mad scheme—had now become silent and thoughtful—a gentle sadness tempered down the fierce traits of his hot nature, and he no longer frequented the old haunts of the cellar and the fighting school, but wandered alone into the country, and spent whole days in solitude. Von Muhry, on the other hand, seemed to have assumed the castaway mantle of his once friend; the gentle bearing, and almost submissive tone of his manner, were exchanged for an air of conscious pride—a demeanor that bespoke a triumphant spirit—and the quiet youth, suddenly seemed changed to a rash, high-spirited boy, reckless from very happiness. During this time, Eisendecker had attached himself particularly to me; and although I had always hitherto preferred Von Muhry, the feeling of the other's unhappiness—a sense of compassion for suffering, which it was easy to see was great—drew me closer in my friendship towards him; and, at last, I scarcely saw Adolphe at all—and when we did meet, a mutual feeling of embarrassment, separated and estranged us from each other. About this time, I set off on an excursion to the Hartz mountains, to visit the Brocken, and see the mines—my absence, delayed beyond what I first intended, was about four weeks—and I returned to Gottengen just as the summer vacation was about to begin.

About five leagues from Gottengen, on the road to Nordheim, there is a village called Meissner, a favorite resort of the students, in all their festivals—while at something less than a mile distant, stands a water-mill, on a little rivulet among the hills—a wild, sequestered spot, overgrown with stunted oak and brushwood. A narrow bridle-path leads to it from the village, and this was the most approved place for settling all those affairs of honor, whose character was too serious to make it safe to decide nearer the university; for, strangely enough—while, by the laws of the university, duelling was rigidly denounced—yet, however the quarrel was decided by the sword, the authorities never, or almost never, interfered—but if a pistol was the weapon, the thing took a more serious aspect.

Toward the mill, I was journeying at the easy pace of my pony, early on a summer's morning, preferring the rural breakfast with the miller—for they are always a kind of innkeepers—to the fare of the village. I entered the little bridle-path that conducted to his door, and was sauntering listlessly along, dreaming pleasantly, as one does, when the song of the lark, and the heavy odors, of dew-pressed flowers, steep the heart in a happiness all its own—when, behind me, I heard the regular tramp of marching. I listened—had I been a stranger to the sound, I should have thought them soldiers—but I knew too well the measured tread of the student, and I heard the jingling of their heavy sabres, a peculiar clank a student's ear cannot be deceived in. I guessed at once the object of their coming, and grew sick at heart to think that the storm of men's stubborn passions, and the strife of their revengeful nature should desecrate a peaceful little spot like this. I was about to turn back, disgusted at the thought, when I remembered I must return by the same path, and meet them—but even this I shrank from. The footsteps came nearer, and I had barely time to move off the path, into the brushwood, and lead my pony after, when they turned the angle of the way. They who walked first, were muffled in their cloaks, whose high collars concealed their faces, but the caps, of many a gaudy color, proclaimed them students. At a little distance behind, and with a slower step came another party, among which I noticed one, who walked between two others, his head sunk on his bosom; and evidently overcome with emotions of deep sorrow. A movement of my horse, at this instant attracted their attention toward the thicket—they stopped, and a voice called out my name. I looked round, and there stood Eisendecker before me. He was dressed in deep mourning, and looked pale and worn—his black beard and moustache deepening the haggard expression of his features, to which the red borders of his eyelids, and his bloodless lips, gave an air of the deepest suffering. "Ah, my friend," said he, with a sad effort at a smile, "you are quite *apropos*. I am going to fight Adolphe this morning." A fearful presentiment that such was the case, came over me the instant I saw him—but when he said so, a thrill ran through me, and I grew cold from head to foot.

"I see you are sorry," said he, tenderly, while he took my hand within both of his—"but you would not blame me—indeed, you would not—if you knew all."

"What, then, was the cause of this quarrel—how came you to an open rupture?"

He turned round, as he did so, his face was purple, the blood suffused every feature, and his very eyeballs seemed like bursting with it—he tried to speak, but I only heard a rushing noise, like a hoarse drawn breath.

"Be still, my dear Eisendecker," said I, "cannot this be settled otherwise than thus?"

"No! no!" said he, in the voice of indignant passion, I used to hear from him long before, "never!" He waved his hand impatiently, as he spoke, and turned his head from me.

At the same moment, one of his companions made a sign with his hand towards me.

"What!" whispered I, in horror—"a blow?"

A brief nod was the reply. Alas! from that minute all hope left me. Too well I knew the desperate alternative that awaited such an insult—reconciliation was no longer to be thought of. I asked no more, but followed the group, along the path toward the mill.

In a little garden, as it was called—we should rather term it, a neatly chosen grass plot—where some tables and benches were placed, under the shade of large chesnut trees, Adolphe von Muhry stood, surrounded by a number of his friends. He was dressed in his costume, as a member of the Russian club of the Landsmanschaft—a kind of uniform, of blue and white, with silver braiding on the cuffs and collar—and looked handsomer than ever I saw him. The change his features had undergone, gave him an air of manliness and confidence, that greatly improved him—and his whole carriage indicated a degree of self-reliance and energy, which became him perfectly. A faint blush colored his cheek, as he saw me enter—and he lifted up his cap straight above his head, and saluted me courteously, but with an evident effort to appear at ease before me. I returned his salute mournfully—perhaps, reproachfully, too—for he turned away, and whispered something to a friend on his side.

Although I had seen many duels with the sword, it was the first time I was present at an affair with pistols, in Germany—and I was no less surprised, than shocked, to perceive that one of the party produced a dice-box and dice, and placed them on a table.

Eisendecker all this time sat apart from the rest, and with folded arms, and half-closed eyelids, seemed to wait in patience for the moment of being called on.

"What are they throwing for, yonder?" whispered I to a Saxon student near me.

"For the shot, of course," said he; "not but that they might spare themselves the labor. Eisendecker must fire first; and for who comes second after him——"

"Is he so sure as that?" asked I in terror, for the fearful vision of blood would not leave my mind.

"That is he; the fellow that can knock a bullet off a champagne bottle at five-and-twenty paces, may chance to hit a man at fifteen."

"Muhry has it," cried one of those at the table; and I heard the words repeated from mouth to mouth, till they reached Eisendecker, as he moved his cane listlessly to and fro in the mill-stream.

"Remember, Ludwig," said his friend, as he grasped his arm with a strong clasp; "remember what I told you."

The other nodded carelessly, and merely said—"Is all ready?"

"Stand here, Eisendecker," said Muhry's second, as he dropped a pebble in the grass.

Muhry was already placed, and stood erect—his eyes steadily directed to his antagonist, who never once looked toward him, but kept his glance fixed straight in front.

"You fire first, sir," said Muhry's friend; while I could mark that his voice troubled slightly at the words. "You may reserve your fire till I have counted twenty, after the word is given."

As he spoke, he placed the pistol in Eisendecker's hand, and called out:

"Gentlemen fall back, fall back—I am about to give the word. Herr Eisendecker, are you ready?"

A nod was the reply.

"Now," cried he, in a loud voice; and scarcely was the word uttered, when the discharge of the pistol was heard. So rapid, indeed, was the motion, that we never saw him lift

his arm; nor could any one say what direction the ball had taken.

"I knew it, I knew it," muttered Eisendecker's friend, in tones of agony. "All is over with him now."

Before a minute elapsed, the word to fall back was again given, and I now beheld Von Muhry with his pistol in his hand, while a smile of cool, but determined malice sat upon his features.

When the second repeated the words over to him, I turned to look at Eisendecker, but he evinced no apparent consciousness of what was going on about him; his eyes, as before, were bent on vacancy; his pale face, unmoved, showed no signs of passion. In an instant the fearful "now" rung out, and Muhry slowly raised his arm, and levelling his pistol steadily, stood with his eye bent on his victim. While the deep voice of the second slowly repeated one—two—three—four—never was anything like the terrible suspense of that moment. It seemed as if the very seconds of human life were measuring out one by one. As the word "ten" dropped from his lips, I saw Muhry's hand shake. In his revengeful desire to kill his man, he had waited too long, and now he was growing nervous; he let fall his arm to his side, and waited for a few seconds; then raising it again, he took a steady aim, and, at the word "nineteen," fired.

A slight movement of Eisendecker's head at this instant, brought his face full front; and the bullet which would have transfixed his head, now merely passed along his cheek, tearing a rude flesh-wound as it went.

A half cry broke from Muhry; I heard not the word, but the accent I shall never cease to remember. It was now Eisendecker's time, and as the blood streamed down his cheek, and fell in great drops upon his neck and shoulders, I saw his face assume the expression it used to wear in former days. A terrible smile lit up his dark features, and a gleam of passionate vengeance made his eye glow like that of a maniac.

"I am ready; give the word!" cried he in frantic impatience.

But Muhry's second, fearful of giving way to such a moment of passion, hesitated; when Eisendecker again called out—"The word, sir, the word;" and the by-standers, indignant at the appearance of unfairness, repeated the cry.

The crowd fell back, and the word was given. Eisendecker raised his weapon—poised it for a second in his hand—and then elevating it above his head, brought it gradually down, till, from the position where I stood, I could see that he aimed at his heart.

His hand was now motionless, as if it were marble—while his eye, riveted on his antagonist, seemed to fix on one small spot, as though his whole vengeance was to be glutted there. Never was suspense more dreadful, and I stood breathless, in the expectation of the fatal flash, when with a jerk of his arm he threw up the pistol, and fired above his head; and then, with a heart-rending cry: of "Mein bruder! mein bruder!" rushed into Muhry's arms, and burst into a torrent of tears.

The scene was indeed a trying one, and few could witness it unmoved. As for me, I turned away completely overcome; while my heart found vent in thankfulness that such a fearful beginning should end thus happily.

"Yes," said Eisendecker, as we rode home together that evening, when, after a long silence, he spoke: "Yes, I had resolved to kill him; but when my finger was even on the trigger, I saw a look upon his features that reminded me of his earlier and happier days, when we had but one home and one heart; and I felt as if I was about to become the murderer of my brother."

Need I add, that they were friends for ever after.

A COURT PREACHER AND FATHER HYACINTHE.

[CONCLUDED.]

All thoughts, however, of anything but the highest enjoyment soon passed away; for, when the little bell had announced that the consecration was over, and the deep silence which followed it had lasted a few minutes, there suddenly arose high above our heads, like an angel singing in the air, the most exquisite woman's voice I almost ever heard, breathing out a *Salutaris hostia* with a sweetness and pearly clearness of tone which were unspeakably beautiful. The singer was unseen; but so full and rich was the lovely voice, that one could not even tell from what direction it proceeded, as, quite alone, with only the softest organ accompaniment, it filled the whole chapel for some time with its pathetic melody, and at last died away in a sort of languor of sweetness which seemed still to breathe from the air when it had already ceased. I was told afterward that it was probably the chief *prima donna* of the day, as the first singers are always employed in the Tuileries Chapel. But I do not know certainly that it was; I only know that neither Jenny Lind nor other noted singers I have heard, ever left such an impression of beauty on my mind as that one soft strain of sacred music floating in the upper air of the quiet chapel. At last, mass was at an end. The emperor rose at once, and, bowing as he went, passed down towards the door. The empress stopped for a moment, with her son at her side, to say a few words to the Duchesse de C—, who was in the seat with me; and her gentle unassuming manner struck me very pleasantly. Then she, too, went on, followed by her ladies, and the whole train passed quickly from our sight.

Very different, indeed, from this aristocratic congregation were the masses who thronged the Church of the Madeleine, when the Carmelite monk, who has acquired an European reputation for eloquence, preached the sermon which has since been the cause of so much excitement in the ecclesiastical world of Paris. I was told that, unless I went an hour and a half before the time fixed, I should not get a seat, and I found this warning perfectly justified, for already when I went there the great church was half full, and, had I been only a few minutes later, I should have failed in getting the place near the pulpit which I was fortunate enough to obtain. Within half an hour after, there was not standing-room for the men, who filled every passage, and ladies were sitting on the steps, on the floor, on the railings, and wherever a few inches of space were to be found. Every class seemed to be represented in this enormous crowd—*la haute aristocratie*, as well as *la bourgeoisie* and the peasantry, many of whom seemed to have come from the country, while there were members, I believe, of almost every religious order in Paris.

There was much to interest in the aspect of this great crowd of Parisians, and the time passed quickly, till a quiet, low mass commenced at the altar; then, scarcely had the creed been said when the noiseless approach of the great preacher was detected, and he was seen kneeling down in the pulpit, which he had entered unobserved. In another moment he stood up and silently surveyed the enormous mass of human beings whom the fame of his rare gifts had drawn to the spot. Father Hyacinthe has a noble face; his marked, well-cut features are of a very refined type; his eyes are clear and penetrating, and, unlike the majority of religious, he does not keep them fixed on the ground, but looks out with a free, bold glance, which is full of candor and truth; he is pale and thin, but scarcely ascetic-looking, and, though he seems to be no longer young, the fringe of dark hair below his tonsure is untinged with gray. He wore an under-robe

of brown serge, with loose hanging sleeves, and over it the white woollen habit of the Carmelites.

Perfect silence reigned through the vast church, and all seemed to wait breathlessly for the first words from the lips that have spoken the truth to France more boldly than any others in this age. At last his accents were heard; in a clear, vibrating tone, which rang to the uttermost limits of the vast fabric, he gave out the words, "I heard Thy voice . . . and I hid myself." He did not pause to state whence the text was taken, but instantly plunged into a graphic and startling description of the first guilty man seeking so vainly, so madly, to hide from the eye of the Omnipotent Being who had created him. Then he passed to an able and thoroughly philosophical explanation of the manner in which the whole human race became tainted by this first sin, and its effects on individuals. In this, as in every other part of his sermon, when he touched on dogmas which modern scepticism has disputed, the preacher gave a detailed *résumé* of the arguments brought by unbelievers against the truth, and refuted them with a withering sarcasm which was full of power.

Then he spoke of the terrible earthquakes in Mexico, which had caused the suffering he expected his hearers to relieve. What, he asked, was the primary cause of these catastrophes? He would tell them in plain words, though he knew the majority of his hearers would revolt against the statement—he would tell them that these calamities were the chastisement of sin!—the sin that steepens this whole beautiful world in pollution, that infests the great cities of civilization—the mountain villages, the hamlets of the plain—that walks the waters of the sea, and burrows in the depths of the earth, wherever human skill has led human beings with their passions and their crimes—and in the lands where those convulsions of Nature had taken place, had there not been slavery and crime, and bloodshedding and torture, under the very shadow of the Cross, planted there by the Christians who first took possession of them in the name of Christ?

As he spoke on this theme, the flood of natural eloquence with which this man is so remarkably gifted, burst from his lips, and his description of the guilty condition of this world, on which the eternally-righteous God is forever looking down with eyes too pure to behold iniquity, was simply magnificent, and not the less so for being thoroughly philosophical. It was plain that this monk was a man who had not feared to face the mystery of the origin of evil and all the dark problems which spring from that great center; but deep and difficult as was the theme on which he spoke, the stream of thought that bore him onward seemed to carry him out of himself, and his voice rolled like melodious thunder over the whole vast church, vibrating through the resounding air till every one of that great multitude must have heard and felt each word. As he terminated his wonderful picture of that horror of great darkness which morally underlies the outward beauty and sunshine of this lovely world, his ringing tones died away into a sort of moan, and he remained silent, his gaze fixed on vacancy, as if contemplating the awful images he had conjured up. After a few moment's silence, he seemed, as it were, to draw himself back from the dark thoughts that engrossed him; he came forward, and looked down from the pulpit on the vast audience. "You will ask me," he said, speaking very quietly, "why this just chastisement of sin is to take effect on the persons of a few only out of the guilty masses who throng this fair, sad world—why these are to suffer and we to escape—why the yearning earth and the mountain wave are to swallow up those hundreds of Mexico, while the thousands of Paris and the millions of Europe are left in ease and

safety, in luxury and rest?" Again, for a moment, he paused, and sent his keen glance over the multitude of faces upturned toward him. Then he folded his arms, and said, calmly, *Mes freres, je n'en sais rien.* Not a sound interrupted the momentary silence which followed, but almost instantly he raised his right arm, and stretched it out with a solemn gesture, as he said, "The question you would ask me hollows out beneath my gaze a dark and fathomless abyss—the abyss of the mind of God. Deep in the hidden councils of the Omnipotent, to whom the myriad worlds that throng infinity are but as moats floating in the sunbeams of the morning, and who yet deals with each individual soul on this one puny globe, as if it alone existed for Him in all eternity—deep in the mysteries of his justice and of His mercy, ever active, yet never opposed, lies hid the solution of that problem before which I, a mortal man, can but bow my head in adoration and submission. But my brothers," he went on, a sudden animation kindling in his eyes till they seemed to glow as with fire; "I can see well and clearly that, in this age of intellectual inquiry, God needs some such witness as the cleaving earth of Mexico to prove His hatred of sin, and His power to chastise as well as to bless; for it is no more as in times of less mental progress and lower culture, when falsehood and unbelief appeared before men in their true guise, and, if embraced, were embraced as the enemies of God and of religion; it is now by the appeals to the highest qualities of our souls, to our finest instincts, that we are asked to throw off the trammels of the faith—it is in the name of truth and virtue and brotherly love that we are called on to deny the God of revelation; and error, in our generation—error itself, has become transfigured as an angel of light in the heaven of our most noble thoughts."

On this theme the preacher went on long, showing that he had gauged the depths of the rationalism and infidelity of the day, with such an uncompromising candor and keen intelligence as are not often brought to the task.

Drawing now to the close of his sermon, he spoke of the remedies, with which we were bound, at least, to combat the evils of which he had been speaking; and it was in this part of his discourse that the most remarkable feature of the whole became so prominent. This was the freedom and liberality of thought—the utter absence of anything approaching to ultramontaniam which, in a preacher who was a Roman Catholic and a monk of one of that church's most ascetic orders, was certainly very extraordinary. The most large-hearted and independent orator, that ever spoke to a monster-meeting from a platform, could hardly have exceeded Father Hyacinthe in the breadth and liberality of his views—universal love, brotherly kindness—the whole world girt about with a mutual interchange of benefit, irrespective of differing creeds or nationalities—all barriers between human beings, the common offspring of a universal Father, thrown down—no limits of government, ecclesiastical or temporal, to separate brothers of the human race—no conditions imposed on mutual help—the gifts, the powers, the wealth of each, to become by the law of charity the treasury of all—such were, in substance, the counsels he addressed from a Roman Catholic pulpit to a Roman Catholic audience. He ceased, and disappeared from the pulpit almost as suddenly as he had entered it: in silence the vast audience waited for the conclusion of the mass, and then they poured out in one huge stream through the streets.

EDUCATION.—The most valuable part of every man's education is that which he receives from himself, especially when the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

GENERAL EDITOR.

ASSISTANT DO.

MUSICAL DO.

GENERAL CANVASSING AGENT.

E. L. T. HARRISON.

E. W. TULLIDGE.

PROF. J. TULLIDGE.

DANIEL CAMOMILE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

NOTICE.

To insure personal responsibility etc. for every article that shall appear in the MAGAZINE hereafter—except where specially requested to the contrary—every writer, from the editor down, will have his name attached to his contributions.

We shall insert no correspondence unless the full name and address of the writer are given. This name we shall not publish without permission, but we specially request our contributors always to allow us this privilege, as it presents greater evidence of fairness to the public; and fairness is what we are after.

We are on the eve of a great and an important crisis in our history, for the great question of conditional or "unconditional obedience" has to be decided. We shall open our columns only to such articles as are written in a spirit of kindness and moderation. No intemperate or personal article will be allowed to appear. In this way we hope to shame the efforts of those who attack by covert insinuations of a personal character. Let our weapons be those of reason and intelligence, and depend upon it truth will take care of itself.

[Ed.]

THE LIMITS OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

BY E. L. T. HARRISON.

The Doctrine and Covenants say that "to every law there are certain bounds and conditions, and all creatures who abide not within these conditions are not justified." This applies equally to the law or principle by which men act in behalf of Deity as to anything else. The Priesthood are invested with power to act in behalf of the Heavens, but all its acts must be in righteousness to take effect, or to entitle them to the sanction of the Almighty.

This applies to everything the Priesthood do or say. They baptize for the remission of sins, and they may pronounce the sins of the candidate remitted, but unless he has truly repented, all their baptism and their words are as wind. When they bless, confirm or ordain, they promise certain things, but it is well understood that the Heavens are not bound to recognize their promises, unless the heart of the person so promised is in an acceptable condition.

The great difference between our Priesthood and that of the Roman Catholic Church has always been, that, while that Priesthood has believed it had power to cause the drapery of sin to drop off the sinner at a touch, by virtue of its authority, ours has always acknowledged it had no such power, but that the virtue of all its decrees depended upon certain conditions. This feature, modifying and restricting priesthood—so just, wise and elevated, drew our admiration years ago, when we came into the church, and we personally preached it as one of the greatest beauties of our system, for half a score of years, in all the conferences of the Church wherever we traveled, without ever hearing one dissenting voice. Priesthood, theoretically at least, has been proclaimed by us all over the globe as a system, the authority of which was restricted within certain laws of right. All its decisions must be in righteousness, meekness, lowliness of spirit, and love unfeigned, to be recognized above. There must be no feeling of spite, jealousy, selfishness or ambition interwoven in the

matter, or the whole of its decrees fall to the ground, and are as the chattering of the crows over our heads. It may curse, but unless it is done in perfect righteousness, the curses will but return with interest to the bosom of the utterer. In a word, the Priesthood is a power only to do right, and it can only act within the right. Outside of the right, it has no more force or influence with heavenly beings than the whisperings of the wind. Hence the security of every soul in the church from oppression and wrong. No elevation or dignity in the Priesthood can lift men up above these laws. Whether priest or archangel, it is the same; they have no power only within the right. The weakest child of earth has rights which no being in the universe can infringe upon. All dominion and position claimed by the loftiest and most omnipotent personages in existence has to bow before the rights of the smallest, and their very power and influence depend upon their doing so. It is only poor, ignorant creatures in mortality, clothed with the priesthood, who ever imagine that the fiat of any being in the Priesthood must be obeyed irrespective of all conditions.

The safety of members of the Church lies in the fact that the Priesthood upon this earth are amenable to a higher Priesthood behind the veil, from whom all their power emanates, and by whom all cases are finally settled. Were this not so, where would be the protection for any of us? We all know that men in the Priesthood, like men out of it, are oftentimes selfish and ambitious, and, were there no provision of this kind, any man could get up a case against us at any time, and put a bar between us and God.

These are self-evident truths that require no arguing, but there is another principle by which the Priesthood is limited, and that is by the laws of nature. The Priesthood with all their binding and sealing power—all the Priests that ever lived, with all the authority of all the beings in the universe heaped into one, cannot force into union that which by nature is uncongenial. Hence, no matter what promises or decrees may have been made upon our heads, no father can claim his child, or husband his wife, where the father or the husband has failed to attract by the power of love. Where we have tied hearts to our own by cords of affection, the Priesthood, of course, can ratify that which nature, care and love, have already made one. But we need never fear that because some words have been uttered over us by a servant of God, that we shall therefore be forced to live for ever with any one to whom our souls do not naturally cling. Depend upon it, the finest instincts of the human soul, in man or woman, are cared for in the provisions of the Almighty. Where else would be our Heaven—where our Paradise?

There is another point which all will have to understand sooner or later, and that is, the Priesthood have no authority beyond that of persuasion and love. Every principle of compulsion is antagonistic to the true spirit of the Priesthood, which is based entirely on the power of attraction and superior intelligence. Where men cannot control by persuasion, they walk outside the limits of their Priesthood when they attempt to coerce by threats of excommunication, which are the strongest kind of compulsion that can be brought to bear on men's minds. No one knew better than the great founder of our Priesthood what its rights and limits were. The following words were written by Joseph Smith while in Liberty Jail, Clay County, Mo. 1838. They will stand as a protest against the spirit of compulsion in the Priesthood for ever. Hear them, O Latter-Day Saints, for they are the truest and fullest definition of the limits of the Priesthood ever given by mortal man. Speaking of certain ambitious men in the Priesthood, Joseph says,—

They do not learn the lesson that the rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of Heaven,

and that the powers of Heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness; that they [the powers of the Priesthood] may be conferred upon us it is true, but when we undertake to cover our sins, to gratify our pride, vain ambition, or to exercise dominion or compulsion over the souls of the children of men in any degree of unrighteousness, behold the heavens withdraw themselves, the spirit of the Lord is grieved—THEN AMEN TO THE PRIESTHOOD, OR TO THE AUTHORITY OF THAT MAN.

Joseph further says,—No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the Priesthood, ONLY BY PERSUASION, by long suffering, by gentleness, by meekness and by love unfeigned. [Times and Seasons, Vol. 1, Page 131,

Here we have words that take us back to the spirit we felt when we first entered the Church. They fall on our ears like the words of Jesus, saying, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." They are full of inspiration, and carry their own testimony with them.

In these words of Joseph we have a clear admission that the Priesthood were liable to use "compulsion and dominion over the souls of the children of men." The doctrine that the Priesthood cannot exercise unlawful authority is therefore swept away at one blow. We also see that the Priesthood, like everything else, can be perverted by the highest as well as the lowest; for Joseph, Prophet, Seer and Revelator as he was, says, "when we undertake," etc., thus including himself among the rest.

From these words of Joseph it is clear that the true province of the Priesthood is to teach and influence, but not to dictatorially control. It is their right to teach true principles, and leave men to carry them out as far as they have light and knowledge, and not to enforce their teachings as governors. The Priesthood is simply a great and grand institution for teaching and propagating truth. It is its privilege only to influence mankind on the principle laid down by Joseph Smith, when he said concerning the Saints, "I teach them true principles and then they govern themselves." "DOMINION" is therefore no part of the Priesthood, except where it is the dominion of love. Where it becomes anything more than this, its beauty, its power and glory depart. It evaporates into thin air; it is less than nothing; for the Priesthood is only a power and a force for "persuasion" and love.

It may be asked where can compulsion possibly be exercised in our system? We reply, whenever any man lays down his inspirations or conceptions as the sole rule of right or wrong, and requires his brethren to admit their divinity—or, if they believe them incorrect—hold their peace thereon, on penalty of being branded as apostate, and cut off from all their hopes of life beyond the grave, and from all for which they have given a life's labor to establish on earth. This is the most fearful kind of "compulsion and dominion" ever exercised by mortal man: compared to which threats of prisons, or the gallows, are as nothing. Men that hold a penalty of this kind in their hands—one which touches men's souls to the very quick—and threaten to use it on all who differ in opinion—provided they publicly express that difference—and in the face of all this, still talk of "freedom of thought and speech," must have very curious ideas of liberty. What is the use of being allowed to differ if we must not use our efforts to have the obnoxious measure set aside. Far better not to be allowed to think at all.

It must be understood that, by the word Priesthood we refer only to its human representatives, and not to the divine and perfect system itself.

When Jesus, the Great Head of the Priesthood, was upon the earth, he said but little about his Priesthood or his

authority, but spent his life in preaching principle. The writer has often thought how different this to his personal experience; for ninety-nine out of every hundred sermons he has heard, have been about "authority" and "doing as you are told." As far as we can learn, Jesus simply reversed all this. All Priesthood, as pertaining to his dispensation, was centered in him, and yet the word Priesthood was never in his mouth. All harsh, authoritative dictatorial words were foreign to his nature. In him the true spirit of the Priesthood reigned—a spirit that will yet prevail in every heart that bears the same Priesthood. If there is a different spirit than that in any of us to-day, it arises from the weaknesses and misconceptions of men. Priesthood in itself is one divine, eternal, unchangeable thing—essence of love, persuasion, gentleness, patience and charity, and eternal enemy of "dominion and compulsion," it reigns in the sanctified worlds of eternity, controlling by its attractions alone; and as such it will yet prevail and influence mankind when the misconceptions of mortality have passed away.

"SOPHISTRY AND SPECIAL-PLEADING."

At the late High Council trial held in this city, it was repeatedly asserted that the editorials of this Magazine were "full of sophistry." Since then, we have heard that the same charge has been reiterated in a still more public manner, with a statement that they contain "sophistry and special pleading," with the intention of placing "the acts and counsels of the Authorities of the Church, if possible, in a wrong light." Now, what we understand by sophistry is the use of an unfair, unsound, or a weak argument, colored up to give it effect. But nothing is clearer than that, inasmuch as the Magazines are on hand, if any such arguments are used they can easily be detected and pointed out. If the arguments are unfair, the unfairness can be shown. If they are unsound or weak, they can be overpowered with stronger ones. And this is what should be done. No one wishes more than we do to see their weakness if they have any, and it is only fair that those who so earnestly assert their sophistry should at least be able to show wherein it consists. If they do not show this, but continue to cry sophistry, all thinking people will be compelled to believe that such loose, undefined charges are merely made for want of something better to say. Our articles are still before the public, and it is easy enough to analyse them, and triumphantly expose their fallacy if it exists, and this is the very thing we want. We have been "dealt with;" not because the arguments were false, or the conclusions incorrect—for this no man has ever attempted to show—but, simply, because they differed with the views of some one else.

We have waited in vain for some one to show an incorrect statement or position in our articles, and we now urge that it be done at once, so that we all may be set right. Let our friends take up the subject of our workmen's wages, for instance, and let them controvert our assertion that no commercial fact requires their reduction more than one-third at the very outside. Let them expose the weakness of our article on the mineral development of the Territory, by showing that minerals are not the best commercial opening for our enterprise; or let them show wherein we have set the "counsels of the Authorities in a wrong light." If they are put in an unfair light, it is certainly due the public—and no more than we deserve—that it should be shown, and we exposed. In any of these ways can the sophistry be demonstrated. Unless this is done shortly, an impression will rest on the public mind that the articles are incontrovertible—a very bad view for the case to have, we should imagine, when it can be so easily removed.

Essays, Contributions, etc.

NOTE.—Essays and contributions under the above heading do not, of necessity, represent the sentiments of the Editor. They are inserted on the personal responsibility of the writers.

OUR FAMILY DIFFICULTY.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

I have been asked several times by my friends why I acted so strangely at the close of the trial of Elders E. L. T. Harrison and W. S. Godbe. The circumstance will perhaps practically illustrate much concerning their case and mine.

As I listened to their trial, and especially as it drew towards the close, it seemed much as though my friends were about to lay their necks upon the dreadful block. There was no reason for my rising and appealing to the executioners to "hold," nor in my broken prayer to my companions not to be beheaded after the blow was struck; but there was the impulse of the same mighty feeling that bore them up at their trial. I have since calmly placed my own neck upon the block, though I was overwhelmed with emotion at witnessing their ecclesiastical execution. This case is above even our own will. It is a matter of principle, conviction and conscientiousness. To men of honor and purpose there is no choice. All must abide the issue, and those of us who are cast into this fiery furnace by our convictions and conscience, must endure the fire even if it consumes us. Yet my dear brethren who were upon their trial on that day had been as deeply moved before they came to it as I was then. Think not that they have met the issue in a spirit of rebellion, or that hardness of heart has made them firm. We have all been tortured with an agony of thought and feeling, not at the dread of hells or devils, in which we believe not so much as we trust in God and revere Him for His character of love, but we have been tortured by our very yearning towards the brotherhood and the great man who has so long been to us in the position of a father. My own heart never yearned so much towards Brigham as on the trial in question, and the impulse was to urge my companions to renounce themselves, and be obedient to him in all things as little children. And this I am assured they would willingly have done, had it been merely themselves to renounce; but it was the truth, and the right, and the conscience of humanity, required to be renounced, and not the mere self parts. Had my friends done this, I should have dispised them, though, at the time, I could have plead with them most earnestly to humble themselves to the Priesthood, even as I have since respectfully invited its action upon myself, because I hold the same views as my brethren do upon priesthood, and not because I brave its authority.

At the trial, the opinion was held by the judges that the conscience of those at the bar was the peculiar mood of their state of mind; and as that state was declared to be an apostate state, it was therefore the apostate's conscience. I will not condescend to the special pleading which any advocate could make upon this point, for the advantage of an argument is not the aim of those who represent the MAGAZINE. Let us rather affirm certain great facts in harmony with this conscience and our views.

The conscience maintained in the case, is that of humanity, and not of an apostate few who dissent from the Priesthood of this Church. History is the most infallible revelation not only of the great human problem, but also of the Divine Mind and Will concerning mankind. We cannot do better than to take the Catholic Church as our example, especially

seeing that in its Priesthood and assumptions it affords so many parallels to that of the Mormon Church at the present time. A few centuries ago the Roman Catholic Church, was almost omnipotent in the world. Its Priesthood held the assumption of infallibility, not of its sovereign Pontiff, but of its order; and princes and empires were at its feet. That Priesthood maintained, for a thousand years, the union between Church and State, and sought to bring mankind not only under a spiritual, but also a temporal rule. It accomplished that object as completely as did the Hebrew Priesthood, and a hundred times more extensively, for the Roman Catholic was worthy in some sense to be considered the universal Church of Christians. Take the comparison. The Mormons are one hundred and fifty thousand; say the Catholics were three hundred million. Here then in the Romish Church was a grand union of Christian disciples upon a faith and a line of thought laid down, as by rule and compass, through a Priesthood. Mark, then, how false was that faith and how fallible that thought, when both Providence and humanity have since made such solemn and overwhelming appeals against that faith and thought, even to the Catholics of the present age, who cast down kings, and believe that popedom erred in its assumption of temporal dominion. Why, there is scarcely a point which the old heretics or apostates affirmed, that the Catholic Church to-day will not itself affirm. Galileo and the Catholic Priesthood would not now urge their family quarrel, nor would the philosopher have to recant, and in a manifesto renounce one of the great truths of the universe only to affirm again in an aside, "The world moves for all that." Neither would they excommunicate my brother Eli B. Kelsey, to-day, for showing "How the World Has Grown," in its intellectual, social and moral states, moving along in its grand course towards God's ultimatum.

Let it also be further marked, that the old heretics did not design in their hearts to forsake the parental rule of their pontiffs, but simply to affirm the right of mankind to travel in self-development, and receive light and truth from the everlasting revelation of God and Nature. Of course these promptings of the Divine Spirit, extended in time to solemn affirmation of liberty of conscience, freedom of thought and speech, a free press, and the general rights of man as laid down in that grand declaration of human liberties and necessities made by the American people for all mankind. Out of these Divine and human movements grew this conscience of the man of thought and honor—patriots and reformers—and finally the conscience of nearly all the civilized world—Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, Infidel and Christian. It would seem from the revelations of history, that neither God nor the heretics designed in the first intention to forsake the Fathers of the Church. This forsaking was brought about chiefly by the Fathers of the Church themselves persisting in chaining mankind down to conditions against which both God and mankind rebelled. But is it not too much to say that God rebelled? Yet He certainly has been one in the case.

Come now again to our family difficulty. My companions, then, are simply affirming what the Protestants for ages have maintained, what the Puritans of England fought for, and what the American nation won in revolution, and asserted by "inspiration" in solemn manifestoes for themselves, their children and all mankind. What then can we do? One thing only: remain firm, to our convictions and the truths of God as illustrated in human experience, even though it should lose us the love of those whom we have called our brethren, and his to whom we have looked up as children to a great father. I do sincerely believe that Brigham has been that great father to his people, though I also believe that he is

aiming to bring his Mormon children into impossible social and religious conditions. Nevertheless, on all points where it is *merely* a question whom shall we follow, Brigham or our own *perverse wills*, I say follow Brigham Young, for at least he is one of the greatest rulers that the world ever saw. He who would captiously differ from him is a fool—not a wise man; he who would go against him, from the motive of rebellion, is a dishonest Mormon; and he who would for ambitious purposes seek to lead the people's hearts astray from him, is a designing knave; but he who seeing the impossibilities of the social and religious conditions designed to be established, protests against them from a clear conviction that they would lead mankind backward is found, by the irresistible impulse of a true conscience, in his right place.

Let me pass from this subject of our "Family Difficulty," to continue the articles on "Our Social Redemption," including the popular questions coming up, one of which touches the great fact of the future, that

UTAH CAN BE NO LONGER ISOLATED.

The growth of civilization is simply the growth of universality. In proportion as nations become universal in their relations one with another, do they throw off the barbaric remains of the primitive ages and come more into harmony with the great Commonwealth of all mankind. The epithets "Gentile Dog" and "Disbelieving Jew," are no longer applicable, either in the Jewish or Christian vocabulary. They belong to times when the human race was in isolated conditions, each petty nation or tribe foreign to the other, and all baptized in vindictive hates. Then a tiny Israel was to its Prophets the sum of the value of all the universe: hence the contemptuous term "Gentile Dog." Judah, however, has since become wiser and a hundred-fold greater in his grand republicanism, as citizen of every nation, than when, in Palestine, he maintained his isolated theocracy. On the other hand, modern Gentile humanity in its generousities, has wiped out the curse placed upon Judah's head, so that his seed are no longer a despised and a dispersed people; and such will be the case with the Mormon Israel when they are redeemed from their exclusiveness and isolation.

But, passing from general views, let us consider the practical bearings of Utah, touching the condition of her isolation. In the first place, that condition to her people is most unnatural and constrained. Her citizens, except those born in the mountains, or brought here very young, were reared in the midst of the European nations or in the States. From the teeming millions of civilized men we have migrated to Utah, and for a time have hid ourselves in the "chambers of the mountains." This was, however, for the sake of our religion, and not from the love of isolation, which has always been most irksome, especially to the English and Scotch. The empire-founding Americans, whose fathers as well as themselves had been trained to go into the wilderness to build up cities, have on their part tolerated isolation for a time, because their training was somewhat in harmony with the necessities of their Mormon career. But the Europeans, and especially the Scotch and English, have been educated to city life, and thousands of them brought up in factories. Isolation in the Rocky Mountains, to them has been almost like transportation, and nothing but their religion could have made it endurable. There is scarcely a soul who has come from London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham and Manchester, who has not somewhat pined in isolation on the first arrival in Utah, until property has accumulated to make the condition tolerable. Isolation, then, is destructive to the life our religion, rather than preservative, though the growth of property around may increase our worldly satisfaction.

Hence their leaders have often reproached the Saints from the old countries with the fact that faith has died out of their hearts after their arrival in Utah.

But there is a much more important view of this subject than the mere repugnance of a large number of the people of Utah to the condition of isolation. There is the great fact of the repugnance of the American genius against it; the determination of the nation's course against it; the irresistible destiny of the United States to overrule our will in the matter. No argument of a simple writer can weigh a feather either for or against the inevitable in this case; no wish of President Young and his people will affect it; nor could the will and deliberate design of the whole United States change it on either side the breadth of a hair. The case is like the ordinance of day and night, above all human will and purpose—as much above the counsellings of the righteous, as the deep designs of the wicked. God has doomed the isolation of Utah to pass away, and every event in which we are concerned is proving this. That fiat of Heaven cannot have reference to our hurt, but must have reference to our good. Were all the Priesthood in the world to resolve against it, the course of the United States would come up towards Utah, just as the course of the mighty ocean would be unbroken were we to resolve to turn it back.

This fact is appreciated by all the intelligent men in America, outside of ourselves, especially by the Government, Congress, and members of the Press. They urge the fact that Utah can no longer be isolated; that America is now on our borders, and that her course must run through our very destiny. The inference drawn is that the Mormons would persist in their resolve for isolation in opposition to the will and course of the United States. For my part, I view the points as follows:

Utah is a Territory of the American nation, and she ought to be and must be soon a State. However much, then, her people as a religious community might desire isolation, they cannot maintain it against the irresistible course of this nation. Nor, indeed, ought they to be foreigners to the American people. No special religious or social problem of our own can justify us in making ourselves as aliens to the commonwealth of our great country, nor should the parent government and citizens from other parts of the Union, treat the Mormons as outlaws whom the tide of the nation's progress has at length overtaken in their mountain home. The development of the Pacific coast, and the enterprise of the nation westward, is no longer a divided Mormon and Gentile problem, but one in which all are alike concerned, and as far as possible there should be fair play and a generous admission of rights.

I think on one side there has been too much taunting of the Mormons for their isolation, and too great a tenacity towards it on *this* side. The isolation of the past has been the legitimate result of our peculiar circumstances; and the consolidations of our priestly and social power have tended to build us up as a people and preserve our name in the world. Nevertheless, when our circumstances change, we should change the base of our operations; or the very forces which have built us up thus far, if continued in the *same direction*, may hereafter break us down.

We can scarcely touch upon this point of Mormon isolation and consolidation without thinking of the great man who has led us. It is not too much to affirm that had not God in his providence raised up Brigham Young, this Church would have been a chaos to-day. Its own erratic forces would have exploded it, just as now his very potency of character may overwhelm the preservative tendency of his mission and coerce his people against their will. Hitherto we have run in unity with him in his own course, because our will, confi-

dence and interests have harmonized; but, in all deference to him, I believe that a leader should go with his people and the circumstances of the times, instead of forcing his people and the times to go with him. And doubtless this is still largely the fact, though there are coming up such matters as a free press, free thought, free speech; the workingmen's wages, the development of the minerals of this Territory, and the impossibility of our continued isolation and exclusiveness.

There is, however, upon these very points much distrust. On one side the Mormons, and especially their leaders, have cause for suspicion that the wishes of the people in the States are against the continuation of the "Mormon problem;" while the Government and the whole fraternity of the Press equally believe that the Utah Priesthood are determined to pursue their own course, even though they should come in contact with the will of the entire nation. There is, undoubtedly, much clear and keen appreciation on both sides in the case; and it becomes all, in justice and good purpose, to determine how much can be legitimately held of the situations on either side. Touching faith and the religious conscience of men, that is all clearly guaranteed by the genius and Constitution of America to Brigham and his people, but touching the right of the United States to encourage on the Pacific Coast the nation's enterprise, maintaining their governmental supremacy above a temporal theocracy, the case, I honestly believe, is on the side of America. These are matters with which the moment is pregnant, and, if they are noted by the writer, it is because they are in the present thoughts of the country. We should, therefore, nicely discriminate at this very pass, for we are on the turning point of our destiny.

Thoughts which are firmly spoken in love, are more loyal than those which are concealed by the policy of adherents. I have resigned a twenty-one years' standing among my brethren, because the Priesthood has just determined, in solemn High Council, against men who hold views in common with myself on most points, and, as this liberty of thought has been purchased at so great a cost, it is now only becoming manliness to maintain the advantage of a free press and respectfully give it an utterance.

VALUE OF CHURCH ORGANIZATION.

BY W. H. SHEARMAN.

Judging from their conduct, very many persons appear to think that the Gospel consists entirely of an outward organization, with certain officers, ordinances and laws, without which it has no existence, and upon connection with and obedience to which—regardless of the Spiritual life or righteousness of either—depends their Salvation. Poor humanity is always running into extremes: too much government or too little—despotism or anarchy, fanaticism or infidelity; contempt for all outward ordinances and ceremonies, or a blind faith in their efficacy, without the Spiritual life and blessings they were meant to represent or convey. Organization, priesthood, laws, ordinances, are especially necessary in our present condition; but they are only the machinery of the Gospel, not the Gospel itself—the mediums for making it known and diffusing its blessings among the children of earth. The Gospel—so far as its Spirit is concerned—is independent of all organizations—it existed before the establishment of any as pertaining to our earth, and would be none the less a living, sublime, glorious fact, were it possible to sweep away every vestige of its present organization from the face of our planet. The Gospel is the kernel; priesthood and laws the shell; the latter necessary for the pre-

servation of the former, but absolutely worthless, like a shell without fruit, when destitute of the Heavenly spirit, light and inspiration which alone give to it power. Devoid of this, one system would be as good as, or rather, no better than, another. The Gospel is "glad tidings of great joy" to all mankind. What tidings? Why, that God, instead of being a revengeful tyrant, is a kind, loving, merciful Father, whose bowels of compassion yearn over His children; who so loves the world, and is so anxious to bless, elevate and develop all His children, that He has done and is still doing all He can to accomplish this end; has enlisted the sympathies and coöperation of the whole Heavenly world in the great cause of human development, and is ready to bestow His Spirit upon all who seek it, filling their souls with peace, joy and love ineffable, causing them also to rejoice in laboring to bless humanity. In short, as the Apostle beautifully expresses it,—*"The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation;"* or, as President Young has said, *"The power of endless lives, of eternal increase and development."* Hence, we see, that the Gospel, like gold, has an intrinsic value, whether moulded into any particular form or marked by any particular stamp, though, for convenience and increase of circulation, both have been subject to certain external regulations. It is not, however, sufficient that a coin bear the external form and impress which Government has decided,—it must have the true ring, and stand the test which distinguishes the base metal from the precious. On the same principle, spiritually speaking, may we judge of any system professing to be of Divine origin. Says the Savior, "By their fruits shall ye know them."

It is true, the feelings of the majority of men have to be reached through and influenced by a system that appeals to their external senses, and that they find it much easier to accept the dogmas of others than to think for themselves, or to exercise that faith and labor necessary to obtain spiritual light within and Divine guidance to their own souls. Hence, in all ages, it has appeared so natural and easy for men to transfer to their religious leaders and teachers, that allegiance which they vowed and owe to truth and God alone. This has led, in past times, to the most terrible evils and abuses that a corrupted priesthood could perpetrate or sanction. Men became so puffed up by the flatteries of their servile followers, that they assumed to themselves prerogatives which Divinity itself never asserted nor exercised,—not content with lauding it over the world temporally, but, as was predicted by the Apostle John, "making slaves of the souls of men." This was the origin of all the evils attending the domination of the Roman Catholic Church. So long as men would acknowledge the supremacy of its priesthood and authority, they might do almost what they pleased with comparative impunity. To question the infallibility and divine authority of its sovereign pontiff, was a worse crime than to take the life of a fellow creature. To doubt a dogma of the "church" was a sure sign of a corrupt mind and of impending perdition. Such is the tendency of all priestcrafts, because ignorance and slavery, physical and mental, are necessary to their perpetuity. Hence they hold their subjects in thralldom by superstitious fears and threats of divine displeasure.

To what should our faith and obedience be pledged? To the Truth. This is Nature's law, God's law—the higher law, which supercedes, and annuls everything that comes in contact therewith. He who is not faithful to his own perceptions of Divine truth, no matter who or what else he obeys, is a traitor to God and humanity. How far, then, should mankind obey their teachers and leaders, spiritual or temporal? Just so far as their teachings or requirements are in accordance with the will of God, the laws of nature,

and the rights of humanity. No Divine appointment ever did, or ever will, authorize any man to trample or infringe upon the poorest, meanest or most ignorant of his fellows. Were it possible for the Almighty himself to wilfully wrong one of the least of his intelligent creatures, he would cease to be God, and we should be absolved from that allegiance and worship which is due only to the personification of truth, justice, mercy and love.

Let no one imagine, from the preceding remarks, that the importance or necessity of organization and Priesthood is undervalued. The object is simply to show the necessity of enjoying the spirit of the Gospel as well as attending to its forms; of not only being led and guided by a divinely inspired Priesthood, but of also possessing the spirit of truth to enlighten our own minds, that we may be intelligent, humble, joyful co-workers with all holy beings in the great cause of the freedom, elevation and perfection of humanity.

MUSIC IN THE SETTLEMENTS.

BY PROFESSOR J. TULLIDGE.

FISHBURN'S CHOIR, BRIGHAM CITY.

In my first article on Music in the Settlements, I remarked that the progression of the divine art, in the City wards or in towns outside, depended much upon the interest rendered to its votaries—both instrumental and vocal—by the bishops in their various localities. My object in repeating this assertion is to make it known that wherever I have found a music-loving bishop, I have invariably found a creditable choir, and, in many instances, a good band also.

I think that it is pretty generally understood that President L. Snow, as well as his sister, Miss E. Snow, are not only fond of all that is beautiful in poetry but are also lovers of the sweet sounds of music, and I believe both of them have a high appreciation of the two arts combined.

About three years ago, with a view of understanding the progression of music in the Settlements, I started on a professional tour North. On this occasion I was accompanied only by two of my lady pupils: Mrs. S. A. Oliphant and Miss Mary Culen; I accordingly wrote to President L. Snow for his patronage, also for his interest with Mr. Fishburn to assist my small party at this concert.

When I arrived at Brigham City I and my little vocal selection were most hospitably entertained by President Snow at his residence, and we had a pleasant time with him in conversing on musical and other subjects; this conversation gave me the idea I entertain of his pure love of music.

At the period I have named, Mr. Fishburn had just left, by request of President Snow, the direction of the choir at Smithfield, and had come to reside at Brigham City to conduct and instruct a body of singers at that place.

As the voices which Mr. Fishburn had then under his direction, had not been organized for four-part harmony, nor drilled sufficiently for effective rendition of compositions, I thought it unfair to request a hearing of his newly-formed choir under these unfavorable circumstances. However, I found this gentleman to be gifted with the true spirit of Apollo's sons and daughters, as he immediately offered, without fee or reward, to place himself and all those under his direction, who were efficient, at my service, and, with this assistance, we managed to give a very creditable entertainment, much to the satisfaction of those who attended it.

I had almost forgot to mention that the Bishop, as well as President Snow, used his interest to forward the entertainment, and he also lent me his organ for the accompaniment. I am led to believe, from observations made on my visit to

Brigham City, that, in a great measure, the interest and patronage of President Snow and the Bishop have been an incentive to the exertions of Mr. Fishburn, and have enabled him to keep his choir together; a selection from that body has given much satisfaction, by their performance of many excellent compositions, at several Conferences in this city.

With this introduction of Mr. Fishburn and his choir, at the period I have named, I will, by way of introduction, make a few remarks on this gentleman's method of drilling and conducting the choral body under his direction.

The opinion I at present entertain, is gathered from an experience of their rendition of pieces at Conference times.

In reviewing the conducting of musical compositions by Mr. Fishburn, and the performance of the same by his choir, I will here state that the few remarks I might make on the subject will be more for the guidance of conductors and principal singers in general, than for being personally critical.

I will say that I admire the principle of amalgamating the voices, adopted by Mr. Fishburn in the performance of pieces by his choir.

Lights and shades are exceedingly pleasing and also produce much effect in music; in fact, when it is perfectly brought out, it is Nature's beautiful coloring.

To explain more fully my meaning to the musical student, I will say that it is to understand the method of obtaining in its purity the *piano*, *pianissimo*, *mezzo-forte*, *fortissimo*, *crescendo*, and the *decrescendo*. When these points are gained by systematic training, the effect produced on the uncultivated as well as on the cultivated musician, will afford much pleasure. Although Mr. Fishburn has hit on one of the most pleasing methods of rendering effect in music, and, in a great measure, has succeeded in producing coloring beauties, I must say, that, although the shades are by no means perfect, they are better portrayed by his choir than by any other I have heard in the Settlements. Mr. Fishburn has not been professionally trained in vocal renderings, nor has he had a professional experience in conducting choral bodies, therefore much credit is due to him for what he has done, and doubtless has pleased and satisfied a vast amount of his hearers by his teaching and conducting.

I will now speak of the method adopted by eminent vocal teachers to obtain a perfect rendition of musical lights and shades.

To obtain, in vocalization, fine, artistic coloring, it is necessary to have a thorough knowledge of the use of the diaphragm, which will produce the *sotto voce*, or under-tone delivery. I have slightly touched on this subject when reviewing the choral department of the Murphy and Mack Minstrel Troupe. The thorough command of the voices, in this respect, displayed by that troupe, was the greatest beauty of their choral renderings; in fact, it was the crowning success of their songs. As I only, on that occasion, pointed to the effect produced by the *sotto voce*, I will on this, as I have before stated, explain the method for its acquirement.

The perfect *piano* with its various shades, the *forte* with its changes, and the *crescendo* and *decrescendo* beauties, can only be made effective by the thorough command of the voice in the under and full chest tone delivery. The *pianos* and *fortes*, without this species of practice, will not only lack the effective delivery but it will produce a throaty tone.

In order to obtain these perfect shades, great attention must be paid to the training of the voice as to breathing. The point of practice is to sustain a sound during several bars.

For want of space in this number I am compelled to leave my subject somewhat abruptly, but in the next I will endeavor to make my meaning plain to the musical student.

THE LOTTERY DREAMER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TERNO.

It was a Friday evening about a month after the day of the "merenda" in the Cascine and the conversation following it, which has been recorded in the last chapter. And the same four persons were once again together in the little shop on the Ponte Vecchio. Upon this occasion, however, the party of four was not divided into two pairs as had then been the case, but were all assembled in the larger front shop. Carlo's proposition had been duly made to the old jeweler, as had been projected; and the result had fully confirmed the sagacity of his judgment on the subject. As soon as old Laudadio had been made to understand that it was intended to assure to him a home and maintenance, together with unbounded command of his own time, and ample leisure for pursuing studies which had become his master passion, he jumped at the proposal. All the feelings which would once have arrayed themselves in opposition to it—the citizen's pride, the artist's pride, the householder's pride—had long since died out under the blighting encroachment of the one domineering thought, like the healthful vegetation that perishes beneath the baleful shade of the upstart. Carlo had judged rightly. The lottery, which had killed so much else, had killed all these things in the old man.

The proposed arrangements, therefore, had all been brought to bear prosperously. The marriage of Carlo and Laura was fixed for the following Sunday. It was to take place in the quiet little church of Santo Stefano, which serves as a parish church for the houses on the northern part of the bridge. After some delay and trouble the necessary papers and certificates were all in order. Carlo, like most others of his class and generation, had not been near a confessional box for a long time. But it was necessary to do so, and to have a certificate to that effect, before he could be married. And he had, not without considerable repugnance, gone through the ceremony, and obtained his papers accordingly. On the morrow the necessary agreements between him and old Vanni were to be formally executed before a notary; and the neat tablet, with the words, "Carlo Bardi, Jeweler and Goldsmith," in letters of gold on a blue enamelled ground, which had been duly prepared, was to be put up over the narrow little door, in the place now occupied by the half-effaced and faded name of Laudadio Vanni, which had been written there in old-fashioned black letters on a white ground more than half a century ago. This morrow, in short, was to be a very busy day with Carlo. The goods in which he had invested his little capital for the stocking of his shop had all been purchased, some in Florence, and some in Paris. The latter were still in the custom-house; some of the former not yet delivered. But Carlo hoped to have them all safe under his own roof by the Saturday night, and looked forward to a long day of hurry and bustle. Laura was to be equally busy in receiving the goods, arranging, cataloguing, and examining, all day long.

This Friday evening, therefore, was the last quiet hour before the marriage, and the last of the old jeweler's life as a householder and master tradesman. His life-long friend, Niccolo, had accordingly chosen this evening to bring his congratulations—and the bride's dower.

"Here they are, friends," said the cavaliere, producing two long rouleaux wrapped in paper, that looked as yellow as an old man's life-long treasured packet of love-letters; "here they are, two fifties, just as I rolled them up something like twenty years ago. They have never been touched since, though many a time there has been sore need of them. But trust old Cola Sestini for that! Sure bind, safe find! And now, Laura mia," he added, as he put the heavy rolls into her hands, "there they are, and the keeping of them is off my mind."

"You know, Caro Signor Cavaliere," said Laura, "that grateful as Carlo and I are for an assistance so important to us, there is little more to be said about it than we ought to say every day. For God knows how things would have gone with us but for you. You must be tired of being thanked, and anybody else would be tired of doing the good deeds to be thanked for. Here Carlo," she added, as she put the packets into his hands, "you have not to learn now all that my godfather has been to me."

"Thanks, Signor Cavaliere, for my Laura's dower," said Carlo, as he got up to take the money, extending as he did so his right hand to the old man, "and a thousand times more thanks for your approval of our marriage. I will lock up the dollars, and leave them yet a little longer in their old wrappings. But I am afraid that their long repose is very nearly over."

And so saying, Carlo proceeded to place the two rouleaux in an

iron-doored strong safe, constructed in the thickness of the wall; just opposite to the staircase, which opened in the doorway between the front and back shop. Carlo turned on them the massive key of the safe, and put it in his pocket, thus exercising the first act of mastership of the house.

"Godfather, thirty-seven; dower, twenty-five; marriage, twenty-eight," cried Laudadio, raising from his old arm-chair in great and evident excitement. "The very numbers! The numbers I —" He checked himself, looking round on his three auditors with a sharp glance, half timid, and half suspicious; but continued, as he paced to and fro the few steps to which the limits of the little shop confined him, muttering to himself, "Was there ever a clearer indication? It satisfies all the rules. All, all! This at least is clear. At last! at last! And yet—Friends," continued the old man, reaching his hat from the peg on which it hung, "I must go out for a short time. I shall not be long. I will be with you in half an hour. Cavaliere, I shall find you here when I come back?"

Old Sestini and the young couple glanced at each other as the old man left the shop, and the former was the first to speak.

"They did come pat enough, the three numbers, it must be owned; didn't they, now? and all on the same subject, too, as one may say: godfather, dower, and marriage! Well, that is remarkable! Who knows, who knows!"

Carlo shrugged his shoulders, with an expression which consideration for Laura barely sufficed to keep half way between contempt and pity.

"Has he any money in his pocket; Laura?" asked he; for the errand on which old Laudadio was gone was evident enough to them all.

"Not more than a paul or two, dear Carlo, I know for certain," replied Laura; "and to-night, you know, for the last time, you won't object—"

"Nay, Laura mia, I say nothing," rejoined Carlo, rather sadly; "but as for the last time, I hope your father has some years of life before him yet; for a lottery player there is no last time till his own last hour."

"It would be hard on Vanni if he had not a ticket for to-morrow," remarked the cavaliere. "The drawing takes place in Florence, and it must be much pleasanter to see the numbers come up, one by one, than merely to read them all in a lump, two or three days afterwards. Besides, who knows? as my old friend so justly observed. I have great confidence myself in Laudadio Vanni's science. Such a head as he has!"

"But you don't avail yourself of the suggestions indicated by his science, Signor Cavaliere," said Carlo, with a dash of satire in his tone, which was quite imperceptible to the worthy ex-clerk.

"I? No, I don't. Why should I? Don't you see, Signor Carlo, I have got my crust, my cup of coffee, and my cigar, sure and safe, every day, as sure as the sun rises. I might lose them if I were to play ever so wisely. And I could not make Sunday begin over again, when Sunday night is come, if I won the biggest terno ever played for," said the old cavaliere, with more philosophy than he guessed.

Meantime, Laudadio Vanni did not go at once, as his friends supposed he would, to the nearest lottery office, and there empty his pockets of their little all in exchange for a scrap of paper. He was in too high a state of nervous excitement for this. Those three numbers, which he had so promptly matched with the things to which they are appended in the cabalistic volume described in a former chapter, had, as he, correctly or not, persuaded himself, occurred to him in his dreams. It was, indeed, likely enough that they might have done so. The three ideas with which his "science" connected them had of course naturally enough been in his thoughts lately. And as his morbid mind incessantly and habitually fixed itself upon the numbers suggested by every incident, every object, and every idea which presented itself to him, and as these numbers were the continual subject of all his waking meditations, it is likely enough that he might have dreamed of them. At all events, to the old jeweler's diseased mind, the reiterated suggestion of these figures appeared to be proof, "plain as heavenly writ," that these were the fortunate numbers, which, duly backed, would lead him on to fortune.

To minds in any degree accustomed to observe or examine the connection of cause and effect, it seems altogether impossible that any human being, not perfectly insane, should imagine that information of the numbers about to be drawn at hazard out of a wheel should thus be communicated to him. And, in truth, the existence of such a persuasion would be utterly incredible, did we not see it existing, and actively influencing, large numbers of persons, in other respects as sane as the average of mankind. A moment's

consideration of the phenomenon sets one speculating as to the possible theories of these lottery devotees respecting the world they live in, the government, and the eternal and almighty governor of it; thoughts too large and serious, maybe, for this light page! Yet they are such as necessarily and properly rise from the subject of it; and without them we should fail to appreciate duly the thick and heavy darkness of the spiritual night—a darkness surely equal to that of the "untutored mind" of any fetish-worshipping Indian—which envelops the pupils of a "paternal" government and a dominant orthodox church.

It is difficult to imagine the nature of the workings of a mind under the hallucination which possessed poor old Laudadio Vanni. But, assuredly, doubt had no place among them. Success, the long-delayed reward of his studies, patience, and perseverance for long years, was now within his grasp! But how was he to avail himself of the great opportunity? Fortune slighted would assuredly never offer her favors a second time! Cruel, cruel fate! to place the prize within his reach just when he was unable—all but unable—to profit by the golden chance!

Tormented with these thoughts, the old man turned from the bridge, down the Via degli Archibuesieri towards the Uffizi, and began pacing to and fro beneath the colonnade that faces the river. Pulling from his pocket the old leathern bag that served him for a purse, he emptied the contents into his lean and shaking hand, and counted up the amount of the various small coins. There was one paul, one half paul, a piece of two crazie, or quarter of a paul, and several of the small thin copper coins called soldi, the twentieth part of the lira, and containing twelve denari. The lira is worth eightpence; and its two hundred and fortieth part, the denaro, no longer exists in the body, but only as a money account. These Lire, Soldi and Denari are the originals of our £ s. d., but while prosperity and progress have with us pushed up the value of the coins to pounds and shillings, they have remained in Italy, during her period of stagnation, more nearly of their original worth. So that, although Laudadio counted up one pound ten shillings and eightpence, his whole available assets amounted only to an unstatable fraction more than a shilling.

Now this sum, invested in a ticket for a terno, would, in case of success, produce a prize of some twelve hundred crowns, or about two hundred and fifty pounds; a very large sum to Laudadio Vanni, but far from sufficient to repay him with interest all the moneys he had, in the course of his long life, sunk in lottery tickets. And he considered that Fortune owed him nothing less than this, and that she was now at last ready and willing to discharge all her debt to him, if he could only comply with the indispensable conditions. To make no more than twelve hundred dollars out of the great and sure opportunity now offered to him, seemed a stroke of misfortune and ill luck more difficult to bear than all the disappointments his worship of the blind goddess had hitherto exposed him to. Visions of riches paraded themselves before his mind, riches which should not only bring with them all the advantages which usually accompany them, but which should triumphantly justify in the face of all Florence, and especially of his own friends and family, his wisdom and prudence, and the accuracy and value of his much-boasted science. The more he thought of all this, and the more he pictured to himself the certainty of success, the more the small sum at his disposition seemed altogether contemptible and insignificant.

"If only they would believe me!" he muttered, as he continued in increasing agitation and excitement to walk up and down beneath the dark colonnade, turning over and over in his hands the poor little coins, for which he felt a growing contempt. "If only they in their ignorance would trust the knowledge gained by half a century of study and education! But they are obstinate as ignorance always is. And for whose sake do I need wealth now? Not for my own, I trow. And I could make their fortune for them! All too late for me! But I could make for them a life and position such as my Laura deserves, and such as Carlo Bardi has never dreamed of! And all that is wanting is a few dollars, which they have, and of which they can have no need, till after they will have been installed to them tenfold—a hundred-fold!—a thousand-fold!"

The old man had quickened his pace as these thoughts were passing through his mind; and he continued his walk, even quicker and quicker for some minutes, gesticulating with his arms, and ever and anon coming to a sudden stop in his walk. At last he turned towards the bridge, and slackening his pace considerably, and bending his face more than usual to the ground, he reached the door of his own shop. He paused before

putting his hand to the door; looked with a sharp suspicious glance up and down the bridge; pulled a check blue handkerchief from his pocket, with which he wiped the drops from his brow; tossed with an impatient movement the coins he had been counting into his coat pocket, and then entered the little shop.

It was by that time about half-past nine o'clock, and the cavaliere and Carlo were thinking of saying good night. They all took it quite as a matter of course that the old man had been to the office, and had expended all the money in his pocket in a lottery ticket.

"You'll be watching the drawing to-morrow, my friend," said Sestini. "Shall I come with you? If you will, we can meet at the café in the piazza."

"No! I don't know—perhaps I shall not go to-morrow," replied the old man, hesitatingly; but added, after a pause, "well! yes! we will go together. I will look for you at the café a little before mid-day."

Laura and Carlo had meanwhile said their good nights, and once again he and the cavaliere left the shop together.

"Let us go to bed, Laura," said the old man, as soon as ever they were gone. "You will have a long day's work to-morrow, and I am sleepy."

Laura was rather surprised to hear him say so, for his usual habit was to sit up long after she had gone to her closet over the back shop. But she made no remark, her mind being, as may be supposed, full enough of her own thoughts.

"Good night, father," she said; "sleep well, and dream of the numbers of your terno for to-morrow;" and so saying, she climbed the steep stair to her miniature bedroom, leaving him to follow her up the ladder-like stair.

Laudadio went to the door of the shop, opened it and looked out anxiously, as it seemed, first in one direction, then in the other, then closing it, put his hand to the heavy bolts and locks, which he moved, as if securing the shop for the night. Yet he turned no lock, and shot no bolt, but, leaving the door thus simply closed, proceeded to climb the stairs, and entered his room over the front shop. There, instead of beginning to undress himself, he seated himself on the bedside, and remained perfectly still for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Opposite to the bed was a sort of cupboard contrived in the thickness of the wall, by the side of the one small window that lighted the room. To this he then went, and from behind some articles of clothing on the uppermost shelf, drew forth a large key. Having possessed himself of this, he again sat down on the bed for several minutes. He then arose, and creeping noiselessly to the stair-head, again paused there some minutes. It might have been thought impossible for the old man to have descended the steep narrow stair with the perfect noiselessness with which he contrived to do it. Once at the bottom, he rapidly, but with caution to avoid the slightest sound, poured from his lamp a drop or two of oil on the wards of the key in his hand, and then applied it to the door of the safe in which Carlo had locked the cavaliere's hundred dollars. The key was, in fact, a duplicate one, laid aside when the other had years ago been entrusted to Laura for the nightly custody of the more precious articles in the shop, and long since forgotten, till the recollection of it had unfortunately occurred to the old jeweler, during his pacing under the Uffizi colonnade.

In less than a minute the two rolls of dollars were in his hands, and leaving the lamp burning on the work-bench, he stealthily stepped through the doorway on to the bridge, and quietly closed the door behind him.

Laudadio Vanni had been, though a gambler during the latter part of his life, yet an upright, honorable, and strictly honest man throughout all the many years of it, and it was in vain that he strove to conceal from himself the nature of the action he was now committing. The big drops stood on his wrinkled brow, and dropped from the ends of the straggling silver locks that fell on either side of his hollow emaciated cheeks. He trembled visibly; and instead of hastening at once on his errand, he paused at the top of the bridge under the colonnade, which at that part of it leaves the river visible. It was by this time nearly half-past eleven. The lottery offices on the night previous to the drawing remain open till twelve. After the first stroke of the clocks sounding midnight, no stake could be played for the morrow's drawing. Yet still he paused. It seemed as if he were half minded to give his honor and fair name the advantage in their struggle with the demon which possessed him, of the chance that he might be too late to accomplish his purpose.

There is under the arches, in the space void of houses, at the

top of the bridge, an ancient and dingy picture of a Madonna, in a wooden tabernacle against the wall, and a little dimly twinkling oil-lamp was burning before it. He examined the two rolls of money in the faint ray of light thrown by this lamp, to ascertain that there was no writing on the paper in which they were wrapped; and then turned towards the parapet, and leaning on it again paused, while the minutes ran on quickly towards the moment at which the power of the tempter would be at an end. It wanted now but ten minutes of the time. But there is no part of the city in which that is not more than ample time enough for reaching a lottery receiving house. The paternal government takes care that the demon of play shall be ever at every man's elbow.

"What would they think of me," he cried, suddenly—"what would they think of me, if they knew all that I know, and knew, also, that I hesitated to obtain the prize for them? The money won with their money will be all theirs, of course. When I give it them, I shall say: 'Now will you believe that your old father's days and nights of study are worth something?'"

And as he muttered thus to himself, he hurried to the well-known counter, and thrusting himself among the crowd of wretches who were staking the half-pence they had succeeded in procuring just in time, he startled the clerks by putting down his two rouleaux for a terno on the numbers, 37, 25 and 28.

The officials in these hells are not unaccustomed to strange sights. Remark on them in no wise enters into their functions. So the money was swept up; and the vile looking little strip of coarse grey-blue paper was duly scrawled over, signed, sanded and put into his shaking hand.

As he quitted the den, the great bell of the palazzo vecchio began to toll twelve. The yawning clerks shut up their books, and "the game was made" for that week.

After having first secured the precious document in an inner pocket, Laudadio's first movement was to return to his home, and he began to walk in that direction. But his steps became slower and slower: and by the time he had reached the foot of the bridge, he felt that he could not endure to pass the remaining hours of the night in the stillness of his little room over the shop. He felt a strange reluctance, too, to enter his house again, and pass by that safe in the wall at the bottom of the stairs. No! he would go home no more, till he should go in with his triumph and his justification in his hand. So he turned back once more towards the Uffizi colonnade, and again paced forwards and backwards under the now silent and deserted porticos.

But strangely enough, the result of the desperate stake he had played for, which had seemed to him so safe and certain an hour ago, while the "to be or not to be" was still in his own hands, began, now the fatal step was taken, and the irrevocable die cast, to appear less inaccessible to doubts as to the issue. It was one of those revulsions of feeling which the most compendious scheme of ethical philosophy loves to ascribe to the immediate action of the traitorous fiend; but which the students of mental phenomena would attribute to the sense of powerlessness which takes possession of us on the completion of an irrevocable deed, aided, in poor Laudadio's case, by the importunate reproaches of his conscience. It was in vain that he repeated again and again to himself that he was only doing far better for his child with her money than she could do for herself; in vain that he argued that as her father he had some right to act for her, and watch over her interests. The genuine utterances of the still small voice are less easily overborne and put down than the dictates of the intellectual powers. The old man might succeed in persuading himself that the numbers to be drawn from the lottery wheel on the morrow were revealed to him by his waking and sleeping dreams; but he could not for an instant bring his conscience to absolve him for the deed he had done. The great prize for which he had been hoping for so many years, was now, as he told himself again and again, as good as won; a greater prize, indeed than he had ever hoped for, for he had never before had the power of risking so large a sum at one time. Yet probably never in his life had Laudadio Vanni passed a more miserable hour than that which he spent in his midnight pacing under the colonnade of the Uffizi.

At length, wearied in body as well as in mind, he betook himself to the great "loggia" of the piazza. Every one who remembers Florence, remembers this magnificent structure by Orcagna, its wonderful noble arches, and the assemblage of masterpieces in marble and bronze collected beneath its lofty roof. At the back of the building a broad stone bench runs along the wall, and on that Laudadio stretched the long length of his gaunt and weary limbs to await the coming of the dawn. Many a worse sleeping chamber might be lighted on by a weary man than that masterpiece of architecture, proportion and beauty, all open as its vast

arches are to the mild breeze of the Italian summer night. But no bed of down could have brought sleep that night to the old lottery gambler. The stake to be decided by the events of the morrow was too tremendous a one to him. For it will be readily understood that now—strangely inconsistent creatures as we are—the amount of money to be won was the least important part of the interest that for Laudadio hung on the dirty scrap of paper in his pocket.

At last, towards morning, he fell into a kind of uneasy doze, from which he was awakened soon after dawn by the workmen coming to erect the scaffolding for the ceremony of the drawing. The grand "loggia" of Orcagna, in the principal square of the city, is the spot chosen for this purpose, and the carpenters and upholsterers were come to make their preparations. Many a condemned man has been waked from his last earthly sleep by the noise of the erection of a scaffolding for a more terrible, though scarcely less pernicious purpose, and has met the coming day with more apathy than Laudadio felt at these preparations for his triumph or intolerable overthrow! How to get through the next six or seven hours? That was now the most immediate question. Remain quiet, he could not. Besides, he was too well known in Florence; and it would have been too strange, perfectly well as his devotion to the lottery was known to all the world, for him to have been found there at that hour of the morning. So he slunk away from the piazza, and passing through the obscure streets which lie at the back of the palazzo pubblico, reached the large square in front of the church of Santa Croce. The vast building was already open, and at a far altar in the transept a few old men and women were hearing, or rather looking at, a morning mass. Here a seat, silence and solitude, were to be had; and Laudadio entered the church and seated himself in a dark corner of the transept, opposite to that in which mass was being said. Here the deep silence of the place, and the fatigue of his sleepless night, gave him the advantage of a couple of hours of forgetfulness. It was nearly eight when he awoke; and he thought he might then venture to go and look at the preparations in the square. He found all there in readiness. There was the gaily decked raised platform, like a box at a theatre, with its seat for the magistrates, the lofty board prepared for the exhibition of the winning numbers, and the music desks for the band; and above all there was the wheel in the front of the box, looking like a large barrel-churn, only made of mahogany, and ornamented with brass mountings. In Naples, there would have been also a place for the priest, who, in that country, always attends on these occasions "to keep the devil from interfering with the numbers." But in less religious Tuscany this precaution is omitted. All was ready, but the hours, as it seemed to Laudadio, would not move on. He returned once again to Santa Croce, and finding it impossible to sit still, occupied himself with strolling about the immense church, and endeavoring to meet with the important numbers, that were so deeply engraved on his brain, in the many inscriptions on the walls and pavement of the building.

In the meantime, Laura had risen early to begin the various work of her busy day. The lamp which her father had left burning had burned itself out. But the unlocked and unbolted door, and the absence of the old man's hat from its accustomed peg, showed that he had gone out. There was nothing to surprise her much in this. She knew that he was apt to be restless on the morning when the lottery was about to be drawn in Florence, on which occasions he was always sure to play. She doubted not that when he had left them on the preceding evening, he had gone to buy a ticket with the few pauls he had in his pocket, and supposed that he had gone for a morning stroll to walk off his restlessness. Carlo was to be most part of the day at the custom-house, receiving and passing the goods from Paris, and she did not expect to see him till the evening. So she quietly set to work to arrange, inventory, and ticket a parcel of jewellery that had come in the day before.

Laudadio had firmly determined that he would not leave Santa Croce till the clock should strike the quarter to twelve. Never did hours appear so interminable to him. Yet as they wore away, and the moment, big with fate, approached, he trembled at the nearness of the minute that was to decide his fate. He had found in the adjoining cloister the gravestone of some one who had died at the age of thirty-seven, on the twenty-fifth of the month, in the year eighteen 'twenty-eight. The combination thus met with appeared to him a wonderful confirmation of the justice of his expectations. He was much comforted and strengthened by it; and had several times wandered back into the cloister to gaze on the auspicious numbers. He was standing thus dreamily staring at them, when the long-expected quarter to twelve was tolled from the convent belfry. He started and the whole blood in his body

seemed to rush back to his heart. It appeared to him that he would fain have yet had one of those hours which had passed so laggingly, interposed between him and the moment which now, at the last, he could not prevent himself from regarding with as much of sickening dread as of hope.

He left the church, however, at once, and walked with a quicker step than usual towards the café in the piazza, at which he had agreed to meet his faithful friend and admirer, Sestini. The placid little cavaliere was at his tryst, calmly sipping a glass of water into which he had poured the remaining third of his little cup of black coffee, after regaling himself with the other two-thirds neat and hot; a favorite mode with the Italians of spreading the enjoyment derivable from three half-penny-worth of coffee over as large space of time as possible. Sestini, little observant as he was, could not help noticing the excited manner, the haggard look, and the feverishly gleaming eye of his friend. It still wanted a few minutes of the hour, and Sestini tried to persuade the old man to take some refreshment before going out into the crowd with which the great square was by this time full. But he could not induce him even to sit down. So the two strongly contrasted old men went out to make their way through the crowd to the immediate front of the hustings prepared for the drawing. The figure and face of the old gambler, stooping with hoary age, yet expressing in every shaking movement and every restless glance an excess of highly-strung nervous excitement, might well have caused remark at any other time or place. But amid the crowd in front of the lottery wheel every one was too much occupied with self, and strangely-moved faces were too common to attract attention.

The band had already begun to play a noisy lively air; the three magistrates in their gowns and high round flat-topped cloth caps were in their places; and two little boys in gay fancy dresses were standing one on each side of that terrible wheel—the instrument of torment little less in amount and in intensity than that caused by the other instrument of the same name the express object of which was torture. And now began the tedious process of unfolding the little rolled-up scrolls containing the numbers, holding them up to the public view, calling them aloud, handing them from one to the other of the presiding functionaries, and finally dropping them one by one into the wheel. And once again Laudadio thought that the minutes went slowly, and that the preliminary formalities would never be completed.

But at length the whole tale from One to Ninety had been deposited in the wheel. The music sounds; the little boys churn away at the fateful churn; two or three turns have tumbled the numbers into a confusion sufficient to make—to all human ken—chance the sole blind master of the position of them; and then, amid sudden and profound silence, the first number is drawn. The boy plunges his bared arm into the machine, brings out one rolled-up scroll between his finger and thumb, holds it up aloft, and passes it, always keeping his hand at arm's length, to one of the presiding trio. He unrolls it, proclaims aloud "EIGHTY-THREE," hands it to his colleague, who holds it up aloft open to the people, and passes it to the third officer, who affixes it to the conspicuous board provided for the purpose. Then out blare the trumpets again, and out bursts a tempest of tongues. Nothing is lost yet. Five numbers are to be drawn; and there is yet room for a terno to come up—and to spare. Those, indeed, who have betted that some other number would come up "first" (which is termed playing an "estratto determinato")—those, indeed, have already lost; but for all others "the game is still alive."

Again the music ceases, and again every voice is suddenly hushed. The same mode of operation is repeated, and this time "TWENTY-FIVE" is called aloud, and takes its place on the board by the side of its predecessor.

Again the music and the roar of voices burst forth.

"It's right!" said Laudadio to his sympathizing friend, in a faint and choking voice. "Oh, yes! it's all right. I have no doubt; none." And Sestini could feel the old man's arm shaking as if he had been struck by sudden paralysis.

Once again the ceremony is repeated, and "37" is the result.

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried the old man, trembling all over, while the big drops of perspiration started to his brows. "Oh! there could be no doubt. Of course I was certain of it." And drawing from his pocket with difficulty, so violently were his hands shaking, the ticket with his numbers, he showed them to his friend, carefully hiding with his lean hand the sum for which the ticket was made out.

"Ah, my dear friend," said the little cavaliere, "if you had only played for an ambo, you would have been all right." (The ambo is when two numbers are named to come up.) "An ambo makes a nice little bit of money. I wish it were an ambo."

"Why an ambo?" returned Laudadio, fiercely. "I tell you my terno is certain—certain!"

By this time all hope is over for the majority of the crowd, and the silence for the drawing of the fourth number is by no means so general. Now for it. "56."

A long deep breath came from the old gambler's chest with a sound almost of a groan, and he closed his eyes for a minute. "But it will be all right, I tell you," he said, angrily, as if his companion had maintained the reverse. "I tell you it is sure. It can't fail me now. It can't!"

And now for the last number—the cast of fortune that was to make all safe or all lost. It was a tremendous moment for the old man. The music and the voices sounded strangely in his ears, as if they were far off. Now, silence! Now!

"Twenty-NINE!" shouted the officer.

For one short moment, as the syllables "twenty" reached his ears, the unhappy old man had imagined that all was well with him. Then came with a roar, as it seemed to him, of a mighty tempest wind rushing through his ears, and crushing him to the earth, the fatal sound that hurled him from the summit of his hopes into an abyss of misery.

"What a pity it was not an ambo," said Sestini, not dreaming that the disappointment was a greater or more important one than the veteran gambler had a thousand times had to bear. But the revulsion was too terrible for old Laudadio's over-excited nervous system. After gazing for a moment with a fixed glassy stare into his companion's face, his long attenuated body swayed to and fro like a tall tree whose foot the axe has nearly severed, his grips on the cavaliere's arm relaxed, and he fell in a dead swoon on the flag-stones of the piazza.

Poor little Sestini was extremely shocked and frightened. The crowd of course formed a ring round the prostrate figure of the old man, whose hat had fallen off, and whose long white locks were straggling over his livid face. For a moment they thought that he was dead. But the heaving of his chest soon indicated that he had but fainted. Many of those around knew old Laudadio Vanni, the jeweler on the Ponte Vecchio, and understood perfectly well the cause of his present trouble. "Poor fellow! he will have been playing high!" said one. "He's one that the Madonna owes a good terno to before he dies!" remarked another. And Sestini, with the aid of three or four of the nearest bystanders, proceeded to carry him to his house on the neighboring bridge. He probably had regained his consciousness before he reached his home. But his eyes remained closed, and he suffered himself to be carried by those who had picked him up. The fatal ticket remained clutched in his hand, and having been taken from it by Sestini, after those who carried him had placed him in his chair and departed, sufficed to tell very shortly the whole facts of the case.

And the remainder of our story may be told almost as compendiously.

Carlo took the matter very much more coolly than Laura had dared to hope. He said that such things were necessarily to be expected from lottery playing, and—that a new lock, to which he would see himself, must be put on the strong safe.

Sestini remarked that there were few heads in Italy, save that of his friend, who could have discovered within one the very numbers to be drawn for a terno. And Laudadio observed that loss in the lottery was number 90.

The marriage took place duly on the Sunday, despite the loss of Godpapa Sestini's dower. And the business-like Carlo and his artist wife have long since ceased to feel the need of such a sum.

Old Laudadio lived several years after the loss of his great stake. Did that miscarriage serve to open his eyes or cure him of his malady? Any one who is doubtful on such a point has happily little knowledge of the insanity in question.

The present writer has had an interview with Laudadio Vanni. It took place one bright and frosty moonlight night on the "Ponte Trinità." It was late, and there was no other person on the bridge. The striking but shabby-looking old man, courteously lifting his hat, addressed himself to the deponent, and stating that he had something of importance to communicate, proceeded to propose a partnership enterprise in the lottery; the conditions to be, that the deponent should furnish the funds for the purchase of a ticket, while he, Laudadio, would supply numbers dreamed of by him, and warranted to win.

The deponent, deeming the old man no better than a self-conscious and designing swindler, punished him by saying that he approved perfectly of the scheme, only that he would prefer to reverse the parts. But had he known the history, which he learned on mentioning his reconitre to some Florentine friends, and which has been set forth in the preceding chapters, he might probably have treated the old lottery dreamer more gently.

"An Angel from on High."

WORDS FROM L. D. S. HYMN BOOK, PAGE 218, 4 LINES 68 & 2, 88.
Andante Con Moto.

MUSIC BY PROF. J. TULLIDGE.

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TRIO.
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An an - gel from on high the long, long si-lence broke . . . De-

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CHORUS. Allegro animato.

Lo! in Cu - mo - rah's lone - ly hill A sa - cred re - cord lies con - cealed.

Lo! in Cu - mo - rah's lone - ly hill A sae - - red re - cord lies con - - ceal'd.

THE UTAH ADVERTISER.



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Dr. Johnson, of Hartford, says: "My daily experience confirms the very superior excellence of your Porous Plasters. At this moment of writing, a man applies for one, who, by entanglement in a shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay five dollars for a single plaster, if they could not be had at a lower rate. Surgeons should make use of these perforated plasters, to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted, while the perforations peculiar to them render them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known."

J. W. JOHNSON, M. D.

Dr. Sterling's testimony: "For two years, I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in the head, and found only temporary relief from all the various remedies that I have tried, until I applied one of Allcock's Porous Plasters. I cut it into three strips, placing one under each shoulder blade, and the other over the small of the back; and for the past three months, I have had scarcely a twinge of the old pain."

I advise all who suffer from nervous diseases to lose no time in making a trial of the wonderful Porous Plaster.

A. F. STERLING, Sec. Singer Mfg. Co.,
New York, June 8, 1868.

MEDICINAL QUALITIES

—OF THE—

POROUS PLASTERS.

The Porous Plasters possess the soothing, warming and sustaining qualities of the combined plasters of the dispensatories. An Electrician, who has great experience of their effects in Local Rheumatism, in Tic Dolorous, and deep-seated nervous and other pains, and in affections of the kidneys, etc., etc., attributes all their sedative, stimulative and pain-relieving effects to their ELECTRIC qualities. He asserts that they restore the healthy electric condition (equilibrium) of the part, and that being restored pain and morbid action cease. He was amazed at the great number of beneficial indications produced by one of these plasters. He affirms that Head-ache is cured by one worn just below the breast-bone; that one placed over the navel will cure hysterics, as well as dysentery, and affections of the bowels.

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